

The Bethel Courier.

FRIDAY MORNING, MARCH 9, 1860

During the time in which we shall be engaged in collecting the history of the town, we shall write out the obituary of such individuals, as have held a prominent place in its affairs, and consider it as belonging to the annals of the town.

Jedediah Burbank, Esq.

Jedediah Burbank was born in what is now called Groveland, Mass., July 8, 1784. His great-grandfather came to this country from Scotland, and the subject of our sketch, possessed some marked traits of the Scotch character. His father removed to the town of Gilead about the year 1802, and settled on the fine intervals in that town where he raised a large family of children, who settled in the town of Gilead, Shelburne, and Bethel. In 1803, Mr. Burbank came to Bethel and settled on the farm which was originally cleared by Lieut. Jonathan Clark. He married Miss Esther Clark, daughter of Lieut. Clark, Nov. 11th, 1803, and had five children. In 1809, he united with the Congregationalist church in Bethel, of which he has always been a useful member. Immediately after the separation of Maine from the parent State, he was appointed a Justice of the Peace, which office he held till within two years of his death, when on account of his age, he declined a reappointment. A large number of cases coming under the duties of that office were tried before him during his life, in which he exercised his judgment fairly and honorably to himself.

He was chosen Selectman six years, in 1824, 25, 26, 28, 34, & 35. He took a deep interest in the prosperity of the town, and the repeated trust in his judgment was highly complimentary to him, inasmuch as his political opinions at that time differed from a large majority of the town.

For many years he had kept a public house for the accommodation of travellers, and in 1833 he purchased the house known as the castle and erected the hotel now known as the Bethel House. It has been much enlarged since. He remained here about two years and returned to the farm. He was one of the original Trustees of Gould's Academy, and took a deep interest in the prosperity of the Institution. Mr. Burbank was a man who regarded the interests of society with a comprehensive mind. He ever felt that mere temporal prosperity was but a part of what constituted a town or a State. Accordingly he felt that a well educated community and well organized religious institutions were necessary to the well being of society, and for this he assiduously acted during his whole life. He was one of the first persons to establish a Sabbath School in the town in 1817, and one of the first seven to sign a temperance pledge in 1828.

He was a pillar in the church, in which he was connected. He was always at his post, in the conference, prayer meetings, and business meetings of the church, and always took a part in prayer and exhortation. Few men could see through the moral obliquities of another more readily than he. This might, in some instances, have excited against him the prejudices of others, but the writer of this sketch had long learned to look twice before acting against his deliberately formed opinion. He was a good counsellor in the church, always exhorting to a peaceable settlement of difficulties, if possible. In this respect he was a most useful member. For many years he was President and Superintendent of the Sabbath School and was a very valuable officer and teacher until his age and infirmities disabled him. Whenever in his power he attended the County and State Conferences which he always enjoyed. In his intercourse with others he partook much of the character of the old school gentleman. He was social, affable, never trifling, but always dignified in his bearing towards others.

He was a model father in his family and maintained the regulations of a well ordered household. He has left a family of six children to mourn the loss of a kind father. July 10, 1827, his wife died of consumption, and Jan 1828 he was married to Miss Frances Brown who survives him.

He was able to engage in business till last autumn, when he was taken down with a fever which prostrated him so much that with other chronic difficulties he did not completely rally. He gradually sunk away and died Feb. 29th, 1860, aged 75 years and 7 months. His funeral was attended at the Congregationalist church, where a sermon was preached by his pastor, Rev. Mr. Wheelwright, to a large and sympathizing audience of friends and relations.

Our Winter Schools. So far as we can learn, our District Schools have been successful the past winter. We ought to speak particularly of the Village School kept by B. H. Bryant, Esq., and Miss Mary Goddard. Mr. Bryant has the rare faculty of governing a school, and if the teachers have left this school with as good a reputation as they entered it, they are certainly deserving of much credit.

Bethel Farmer's Club. The Club met on Wed. eve., March 7th, at Mr. Francis Barker's.

Subject for discussion: The proper time and best mode of securing the hay crop.

Mr. F. Barker said that hay was worth the most when cut in the blow. His rule was, make hay when the sun shines, in other words, make it as fast as you can. He thought hay was heavier cut in the first, than in the last blow. The weight that is lost by cutting after out of bloom is the best part of the hay.

Dr. Fanning said that the plant changes into a woody substance which is nearly destitute of nourishment. Doubt whether salt is of any benefit in saving hay.

Mr. Amos Merrill said that years ago he practised salting hay, but he did not think it good; cattle would eat it greedily and be thirsty. Mr. N. Russell, said that meadow hay should be cut earlier than is practised.

Mr. Milton Grover coincided with Mr. Russell's views: meadow hay is the first to start in the spring and does not grow much after it was time to cut English hay.

Mr. D. F. Brown would prefer to cut hay between 9 and 12 o'clock A. M., would prefer to have it cut in the second blow. There is about a week's difference between the first and second blow of herds grass. There is no difficulty in curing down hay if you have hay caps meadow hay should be cut as soon as grown.

Dr. True said that he cut his hay the last year much earlier than usual, and he thought it might be a matter of enquiry whether a portion of hay should not be cut earlier for a few cows the moment the seed begins to ripen the nourishment passes from the stock into the seed.

Moses A. Mason said that with his mowing machine he could do chores till about 9 o'clock and then go to mowing with his oxen till he got tired of riding, and in the afternoon rode on his horse till he got tired and then stop for the day. People don't catch him working after dark.

The President, Gilman Chapman, Esq., said whatever his hands found to do he did with all his might, though he didn't like to go to work till the dew was off.

T. H. Chapman said that farmers have a wrong impression in regard to the weight of hay, and lose by cutting too late.

The discussion was well sustained; a goodly number were present and our host's apples were most delicious.

A vote was passed to meet in two weeks at the vestry and that an invitation be extended to A. Grover Esq., to address the club on that occasion.

The meeting next week, on Thursday will be at D. F. Brown's. Subject for next week. Beans.

MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

DEAR GENTLES:—I noticed in your last issue that you were expecting a "full report of the Festival this week; from the 'Secretary'!"

Now I am most happy to give a brief report for the benefit of your numerous readers, although I was not aware, before, of my promotion to the office of "Secretary" in connection with this Festival. And I beg leave here to correct the mistake which seems to exist in the minds of some; viz: that this was a meeting of "No. Oxford Co. Musical Association." Between that and this, there is no connection whatever! The former is a regularly organized Society with "Constitution" and "By Laws" specifying that its meetings shall be held annually &c., while the latter, was simply a "Festival" held by the citizens of this place for their own special enjoyment and improvement.

But, be that as it may, it was a most capital affair, and passed off so well, as does every thing of the kind that the Universalist Society undertakes to carry through. The attendance was large for the place, averaging between forty and fifty, and embracing the greater portion of the musical community, while the interest which prevailed during the week, was such as is rarely seen among the people. Of Mr. Farrington as a Musician and Director we must speak particularly at this time. Suffice it to say, that he well sustained his exalted reputation, and that his skill, faithfulness and zeal, justly entitle him to the respect and patronage of the musical Public.

The greater part of the time was devoted to learning the Oratorio of "Ester," which was to be given as a Concert on Friday evening. This was in fact, the main object of the Festival.

The concert on Thursday eve., was as general success but on account of the rain, or something else, was but thinly attended. We regret that not more were present, for some of the finest examples of choir singing were given that were ever heard in the place. On Friday eve. the "Beautiful Queen" was performed before a well filled house, and judging from the pleasant looks and words of approval that met our eyes and ears, we should say the audience was at least, satisfied, and we think gratified with the performance. We think, furthermore, that we shall but express the sentiment of the class in singing that for the perfect success which attended this Festival, we are under special obligation to Miss Thompson, who came up from Portland and regaled us with some of her most choice and racy songs, upon the evening of each concert, and personated the "Prophetess" and "Queen" in the Cantata with her peculiar grace, ease, and effectiveness; also to Mrs. Grant of S. Paris, who favored us with songs, and sustained a principal solo of the "Queen," and whose clear "Bird-like voice" will long be remembered as one of the pleasantest features of the Festival.

Nor would we forget our obligations to our own Bethel ladies and gentlemen, especially to Miss E. J. Chapman whose very acceptable efforts as Pianist are an acknowledged tribute to her merit; to Miss Adeline Twitchell, the wife of our "handsome Editor," Misses E. M. Grover, F. Freeman, S. and E. E. Towne, E. O. Chapman, L. Twitchell, and L. Goddard, all of whom rendered efficient aid at the Concerts; nor to Mr. J. L. Ripley, O. P. Grover, J. R. Howard, of Haver, E. P. Grover and J. S. Chapman, for their timely and efficient aid as Quartette or Solo singers.

On Saturday morning at 9 o'clock, most of Class met again at the Chapel to exchange pleasant greetings, and enjoy a few moments of social mirth before parting.

As the time drew near for the train to arrive, all accompanied Mr. Farrington to the Depot, and joined in singing "Old Hundred" as a final Chorus. The spontaneous outbursts of mirth, the excited and flying words, told perhaps too plainly of the wild enthusiasm pent within the joyous breasts of the participants in the Festival! But there are times, dear Gentles, when one cannot help feeling sad, and giving vent to their exuberant spirits, and this was one. Success is a wonderful promoter of good nature.

But I am spinning this out to an unreasonable length. I will only add that we hope this is not the last Festival that will be held in this place, but only the commencement of pleasures and advantages, arising from joining together and making the merry sing. We doubt whether a week was ever spent more pleasantly and profitably by the musical people in this community than the past—combining as it did, the useful with the agreeable.

Yours truly,
H. N. NEWELL.

PHILLIPS, March 5, 1860.

Mr. KENT:—It may possibly be interesting to a portion of your readers to get a glimpse of this town, and learn some of its interesting points. Phillips is situated in about the centre of the County of Franklin, on the Sandy River, about twenty miles from its source. This is a beautiful stream and the intervals lining its banks for a hundred miles, has enriched the country, and laid a foundation for many large and enterprising towns, not the least of which is this town. There are two villages here, nearly connected, called the "upper" and "lower" village. The upper village is entirely on the south bank of the river and on lowland, which is sometimes submerged in the spring freshets, the lower village is situated on both banks of the river, with a covered bridge connecting it.

This is a very romantic spot—where the river runs between the lower village, over large boulders through a deep chasm in the ledge forming its banks. The villages are situated in a large valley between the high surrounding country, and very large mountains in the distance, forming one of the most lovely sights of a fine morning you could wish to look upon.

MARCH MEETINGS.

Bethel.—The following officers were elected at the Annual Meeting on Monday last:

Clerk.—Charles Mason.
Selectmen.—E. M. Carter, John Barker, Eli Foster.

Treas.—D. A. Twitchell.
Agent.—O. N. W. Robinson, Jr.
S. S. Com.—W. Beavins.

Cut.—M. Mason.
NEWRY.—Clerk.—Orrin Foster.

Selectmen.—E. Powers, John Killgore, John K. Searls.
Treas.—Orrin Foster.

S. S. Com.—Orrin Foster, E. B. Chapman, L. C. Smith.

On Saturday morning, the store of Joel Perham, Jr., at Bryant's Pond, was discovered to be on fire. Mr. Perham saved a portion of his goods. Dr. Lapham, who had his office in the upper part of the building, lost his library, medicines and a choice mineral cabinet. Mr. Perham's loss is about \$1000.

Wheat. Levi Bartlett, Esq., of Kingston, N. H., in a recent lecture on the cultivation of wheat at New Haven, says that the early Japan wheat which was disseminated through the Patent Office, is ten days earlier than the other kinds, and escapes the fly. If this be true, it should be introduced most extensively.

CAN TRAVEL LIKE PIZEN.—The electric telegraph is bound to remain a mystery to the million, and ludicrous conceptions of *modus operandi*, which some of the most ignorant people have formed, are not provoking anything out of Rebekah or Smollet. The last illustration of this that has fallen under our eyes, is the following story from the Pittsburg Journal.

Not long since, an old lady entered O'Reilly's office in this city, and she had a message to send to Wheeling. In a few minutes her note was deposited in a dumb waiter, and ascended in a mysterious manner through the ceiling.

"Is that going straight to Wheeling?" inquired the old lady, with her eyes bent upon the ceiling.

"Yes ma'am," answered the clerk. "I never was there," continued she, "but it seems possible that their town is in that direction. When will I get an answer Mr. Telegraph?"

"I can scarcely tell, ma'am; it may be two or three hours."

The old lady went away and returned in exactly two hours. Just as she entered the door, the dumb waiter came down through the ceiling.

"There is your answer, ma'am," said the clerk.
The old lady took the neat yellow envelope in her hands, with a smile of mingled gratification and astonishment.
"Now that beats all," exclaimed she, "beats my heart. All the way from Wheeling, and the water still wet. This is an awkward looking box, but it can travel like pizen."

For the Courier.

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This is a very romantic spot—where the river runs between the lower village, over large boulders through a deep chasm in the ledge forming its banks. The villages are situated in a large valley between the high surrounding country, and very large mountains in the distance, forming one of the most lovely sights of a fine morning you could wish to look upon. This town contains about four hundred polls and sixteen hundred inhabitants. There are seven stores for the sale of W. I. Goods and Varieties, and one manufactory of tin ware and hard ware stores, one apothecary shop, three doctors, three lawyers, a grist mill, carding machine, falling mill, saw mill, starch mill, (burst down), one large manufactory of boots and shoes and one small one, two meeting houses and a preacher to each—only Methodist and one Free will Baptist— one very good bell on the F. B. house, two large school houses each with a good bell—and about seventy scholars to each house. The lower and upper village are also about to connect, for the purpose of building a large handsome house for a Light school.

There is also considerable mechanical business done here. Three blacksmiths, one wheelwright shop, three cabinet shop and a Tannery and Currier concern,—making in the whole, a very smart business town, and of a pleasant day, presents to the stranger quite an active appearance. It is also a very temperate town and orderly, and of good society so far as I can judge from my short stay here.

It being 17 miles north west of Farmington R. R. Terminus, and a good road, the people are generally provided with as good variety of the good things of this world as most large towns nearer the seaports. They are also building some very handsome cottages here, some of wood and some of brick, trimmed off very prettily.

A fashionable young lady, a few days since, went into a store in Norfolk, Va., and after a thorough examination of its contents, bought a dime's worth of thread, which she ordered to be sent to her residence, over a mile distant. The proprietor procured an express wagon, the driver of which took the package, backed up to the door, lowered the tall-board, delivered the package, and collected fifteen cents—the usual charge.

A miserable old lady in Northampton, who has lived in great apparent destitution for many years, mainly supported by charity, died recently; and in her trunk was found a long stocking full on ten and five dollar gold pieces, and a roll of bills of the first issue of the Northampton Bank. It was also found that she had some of money at interest in different banks.

An Old Piper. The Editor of the Newburyport Herald has been shown a copy of the New England Courier, printed in Boston, February 11, 1723, by Benjamin Franklin, then a boy of 17 years, and this is the first number of his direction. It will be remembered that his brother, who had previously published the paper, was obliged, owing to an off-usage article, to slip it into Ben's hands. Its size is 8 inches by 12, and it boasts of a larger circulation than "other public papers," besides being read by a vast number of borrowers.

In Press and will be Published, on March 17th, a new work by the distinguished American author, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. THE HAUNTED HOMESTEAD, with an Autobiography of the Author, by Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth, author of "The Lost Heiress," "The Missing Bride," "India," "Wife's Vengeance," "Retribution," "Curse of Clifton," "Vivia," "The Three Beauties," "Lady of the Isle," etc. Complete in one large duodecimo volume, neatly bound in cloth, for One Dollar and Twenty Five cents; or in two volumes, paper cover for One Dollar.

The Publishers take great pleasure in being able to present to the American public another new and charming work by the popular American Authoress, Mrs. Emma D. E. N. Southworth. She is excelled by no living female writer in the world. Her style is free from insipidity on the one hand and bombast on the other; and though we meet with forcible, we are never startled with inflated language. Her characters are rarely under, but never overdrawn. Her scenes are life pictures, her incidents founded on facts and her sentiments are characterized by a singular purity both of conception and expression. She has the rare faculty of saying what she means and of saying it in such a manner as that her meaning cannot be misinterpreted. In short, she possesses in an eminent degree those qualifications which are the peculiar prerogatives of a good writer: while she delights the reader's imagination with her descriptive beauty, she applies home truths to their understanding with the force of rational conviction. The "Haunted Homestead" has been pronounced by those who have read the proof-sheets, to be her best work.—This is sufficient to commend it to perusal and we anticipate for it a great popularity. For sale by all Booksellers.

Copies of either edition of the work will be sent to any part of the United States, free from all postage, or remitting the price of the edition they may wish, to the publishers, in a letter.

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30th Chesnut St., Philad'a

Col. Colt's Greenhouse. Col. Colt of Hartford has a range of glass houses more than 1500 feet in length where, besides flowering plants and shrubs, are successfully cultivated the winter through the fruits of the tropics, and of our orchards, as well as the choicest of our summer vegetables. A friend, who last week passed through them, tells of the strawberries, pine apples, nectarines, peaches, &c., which he saw ripening in plenty and perfection, and in token of the truth of his marvelous tale, he laid before our eyes a cucumber, cut across two feet, looking one inch.—New Haven News.

Hans Dorsheimer, a German state player, while serenading a young countrywoman, a short time since, in Graham avenue, Brooklyn, was assailed by a jealous rival, who struck him on the head with a club so violently as to fracture the skull and endanger his life, whereupon the serenaded girl had him taken into the house, nursed him tenderly, and married him as soon as he was restored to consciousness to the unpeppable chagrin of his brutal assailant.

The story told on the authority of the Quincy (Ill.) Herald of the drowning of forty nine children, we are glad to say is untrue. The account was an entire fabrication.

Mr. Noah. Mr. Moses Boynton of Monmouth accidentally shot himself last Saturday. He was in pursuit of some squirrels that were marauding in his corn house, and while removing some obstacles with the gun held carelessly it went off and lodged its contents in his abdomen. He lived about two hours after receiving the wound.

The Washington Monument. The French Government has granted a stone for the monument from the tomb of the Emperor Napoleon, at St. Helena. The stone was taken from the bottom of the tomb, and was delivered to the United States Consul on the 29th of December, with appropriate ceremonies.

The Portland Steam Sugar Refinery have lately purchased 6000 lbs. molasses in Cuba for refining. This is doing a large business in the particular branch of refining, to which they confine the operations. Their refined sugars and syrups are in great demand in all the principal cities.

Remember the Temperance meeting this evening.

The Bethel Courier.

MAILS.

Mails close as follows:—
To Portland - - - - 10 A. M.
To Island Pond - - - 4 P. M.

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.—
Morning train leaves Bethel for Portland at 10:15 A. M. Returning—arrives from Portland at 1:45 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 11 o'clock, A. M. and 1:15 P. M. in the following churches:—
First Congl. - - - Rev. Mr. WHEELWRIGHT.
Second - - - - - Rev. Mr. GALLAGHER.
Universalist - - - - Rev. Mr. DAVIS.

MEETINGS FOR PRAYER.
Every day evenings at 6:15 o'clock, at the vestry 2d St. in Class, Tuesday evenings. Prayer Meeting Saturday evenings.

A Pair of Twins.—Last evening, says the N. Y. Tribune of the 23d ult., a lady residing in Spring street presented her husband with two daughters, and was left by the attending physician in a comfortable condition. In the course of three hours thereafter a rug was heard at the door bell, and under the impression that the doctor had returned to see his patient, the servant hastened to answer the summons. No one was to be seen in the neighborhood, let upon the step was found a letter which contained two newly born male children, apparently twins. The lady, when informed of the circumstance, seemed well pleased, and at once adopted the little saints—placing them in the bed beside her own. The young traveler, were last asleep, and were comfortably wrapped in costly embroidered flannels.

Assassination of the Late Mr. Emerson. The Whig relates the following anecdote of the late Mr. Emerson:

"At a time of great scarcity of provisions, when the agricultural could scarcely procure grain to sow his field, Mr. Emerson was the only man in the region who had any considerable supply of wheat; and as war then prevailed, it could not be procured from abroad. In this condition of things, he received every opportunity to sell to speculators. He only retained it in small quantities to supply farmers—exact from them a pledge that they would not consume it for food, but would use it only for seed. This is but one of the many illustrations of his regard for the general welfare."

The Wrenschotter Patriot says that John Kelley of North Blackstone, now in his 84th year, has tended the same grist mill for seventy years, and still delights in his old occupation. Mr. Kelley was never in a railroad car or steamboat in his life, and he has one hundred miles from home. He belongs to the society of Friends, and is highly respected.

The last Spanish mail steamer conveyed to the army in Africa a part of the Cuban contribution, about \$300,000, and bore three hundred thousand cigars, together with an immense quantity of tobacco in bales, scraps, and paper cigarettes! This is certainly a royal gift, such as no other five provinces in old Spain could make. Cuba will do still more in the money line, and her voluntary contribution will exceed \$1,000,000!

In the canton of Vaud, Switzerland, a society has lately been organized, having for its object the collection of money to be applied in purchasing and freeing slaves held in this country. The sum of \$1000 was received a short time since by a Swiss clergyman, acting for the society, at High Lead, Madison County, Illinois, and appropriated in purchasing a colored Methodist minister of St. Louis. The liberated minister will depart for Liberia, where it is his intention to labor in establishing schools for the enlightenment of his race.

St. Louis papers state that the English are beginning to take advantage of the overland mail to send letters to China. There are regularly received at St. Louis Post Office some six or seven small sacks, weighing about thirty pounds each, and the quantity of mail matter will undoubtedly be increased with the enlargement of facilities of overland transportation.

Just week a little daughter of Mr. Park of Big Black, Vt., died from suffocation produced by a brass ring got into the windpipe instead of falling into the stomach.

A minister of the Church of England lately awoke with a young female who was a convert in the work-house.

Our Country is the largest producer of gold in the world. From the earliest history of the United States up to the year 1848, the total product of gold in this country was but a fraction over fifteen millions, and this was spread over a period of 78 years. Since 1848, there has been produced in the United States over 5000,000,000 worth of gold.

The Senate of Tennessee have killed the bill to compel free negroes to leave that State.

A MUSTANG HUNT.

A Mexican "vaquero," or herdsman, attached to the ranch, having brought in word one evening that a large band of mustangs were crossing the prairie northward, preparations were immediately made to attempt a capture. Five young men, brothers, and raised from childhood on horseback, myself, and two Mexicans, composed the party. Each man was mounted on his own horse, leading, unsaddled, the "mustang catcher," on the speed and endurance of which the success of the hunt depends. Riding carefully along by the valleys in order to avoid disclosing ourselves on the swelling ridges of the prairie, and observing the wind, we silently kept on until about two in the morning. The white men then lay down to rest, having previously tied their animals all together, lest a neighbor should give warning to the wary guardians of the wild herd, whilst a Mexican was sent in advance, to see if he could discover the herd or trail. At three o'clock he returned, and said that the mustangs were feeding, some three or four miles off. Now came the time for action. Silently we mounted our mustang catchers, and rode cautiously off till we judged we were close enough. The next operation was one that considerably astonished me. Without a word, the five young Texans and the Mexicans dismounted, and proceeded in the coolest (and at that hour of the morning it was cool and no mistake) every manner to divest themselves of every garment usually worn by the white men, with the exception of their shirts. Socks and stockings, drawers, jacket, hat—all came off, and this novel hunting costume being assumed, they then took off their saddles, retaining of their equipment only a tremendously powerful bit, and huge Spanish spurs, while the lasso was securely made fast around the horse's neck, the rider holding the coil in the left hand, and the fatal noose in the right. There they were, next time to naked, riding bare-backed, on horses half wild themselves, their shirt-tails fluttering in the breeze, rather a stylish party.

For my own part, I preferred to retain my saddle. Two couples were dispatched down the wind, to get round to the westward of the mustangs, and head them off in the direction where we were concealed. By this time our horses, which were kept excitedly for such work as was on hand, had got rather cranky, and I blessed my stars at my having a good pair of reins and Spanish bit. I can tell you. From the spot on which we stood, we had a view of the mustangs through the trees. So had our horses; it was all we could do to keep them quiet; but there were the mustangs coursing round in all the pride of strength and freedom, with heads, tails, and manes tossed high in the air. There too, was the great black stallion, the leader of the band, which numbered about eighty, raising his head every instant to look around, trusting hear and there, the very picture of courage and sagacity. To see that no enemy was approaching his family. Our excitement increased as time wore on; minutes seemed hours as we waited impatiently for the expected signal. We got it soon. The black horse suddenly stopped, his head raised in the air, every hair of his thick flowing mane and tail standing up on end, while he eagerly sniffed the wind. In another second, with a shrill scream, he darted at the mustangs who were feeding a little apart from the band, drove them up at full speed to the main body, and with a fierce neigh rushed to the front to lead them off. Almost at the same time, about a quarter of a mile in their rear, and on their right flank, our detached parties came thundering over the hill, yelling Indian war-whoops, and swinging their lassos round their heads like men gone mad, their horses bounding madly through the rough grass and over the broken ground. The manner of throwing the lasso is this: Holding the reins and the lasso in coils in the left hand, the rider grasps in his right the noose, which is about five or six feet in diameter. Swinging this over his head, so as to keep it perfectly open, he swings out his intended game, and when sufficiently near throws the noose over the animal's head, at the same time letting go the coils in his left hand. The instant that he sees that the noose is over the head of the animal he throws his whole weight upon the bit, bringing the horse he is riding upon his haunches, even at a full gallop. The rope is, of course, tightened with an awful jerk, when the running animal has got to the end of the lasso. The unfortunate mustang falls, as if shot, head over heels, the trained horse meantime holding back for dear life. In a minute or two the mustang rises, seldom offering much resistance, and in a couple of days is the slave of his conqueror. Such is a mustang hunt. Breaking

A Terrible Day in a Railway Carriage.

To appreciate the incident I am about to relate, you must know my friend. He is the most bashful of men, and he stutters; under the influence of excitement he can hardly speak. Afflicted by a sense of shame, he would fain be dead and buried. To such men life may be a daily tragedy. My friend also is liable to misfortune; so that, with a light heart, and a great capacity for enjoyment, he is usually as miserable as any Munchausen would desire. I seldom meet him, but he has some dire calamity to communicate to me. And, as if by fatality, it is a kind that redoubles the cheeks of a bashful man. I might tell you many extraordinary adventures that have befallen him. This was his last.

My friend, you must know—we will call him Harry Saxon—is a very amiable amateur cricketer, out of his band. He will take the train at six in the morning to be down a hundred miles north or west, to a match. On one occasion when he had to his disaster, he had journeyed north, and played his game with success and satisfaction. But the next morning he had to be in town in time for the first official hour of his bank, so he made short work of his night, and came to his breakfast at half-past five, and hurried to his station as quick as he could, arriving there twenty minutes too early, with cooled him, as usual so that, when he entered the carriage, he looked at him that he had on his light crick trousers, and might as well—since he had a warm pair, and was alone in the carriage—change them and comfort his limbs. He remembered also, that he could not appear at his bank in light flannels. I hope no one will see any harm in that resolve. If the British public should suggest that there were modest cows in the pastures he was flying by, and young corruptible hiffies, I have only to remark that Mr. Saxon was much above their level. As it was day, moreover, he could not offend the moon. Of course I share the popular belief that we were born in trousers, and never got out of them. I would merely observe that the case of Mr. Saxon was an exception to the rigid rule. Besides, since he was only relinquishing one pair to assume another, the offence, however grievous, was but momentary, you will admit. Had he done all the honors to the renowned modesty of this island, he would have drawn the second pair over the first. I can only excuse his not doing this by the declaration that he did not think of it, and absolutely saw no harm in what he was doing. So far, then, we will exonerate him. Unfortunately he struck him till he had shot ahead some miles. And, again, very unfortunately, as we say when he would cite instances clearly fated, the young gentleman took off his light flannels before he opened his carpet-bag to disengage his thick tweeds. Mr. Saxon is of some what hasty temperament, slow to conceive—quick to execute; a fine quality which occasionally leads to trouble; for while he was unstrapping his bag, the train insensibly slackened speed, and suddenly stopped. On perceiving this alarming act, Mr. Saxon pulled at the straps with tremendous vigor a second or so, and then looked out of the window with a face outwardly as composed as any ordinary traveller, with no burden on his mind, and with clothing to his legs, may wear. What the feelings of a bashful man so placed must have been, I need not tell you. Analyzing, if we wished to defend him before a jury of prudens, might be justifiable; but you will not require it. Mr. Saxon's heart gave a bound. There was a lady addressing the guard, who

pointed down in the direction of Mr. Saxon's head, and led her swiftly on. Mr. Saxon made a final effort to array himself in one or the other pair, gave it despairingly up, and thought it best to block the window and look extremely uninteresting. He could not believe that his fortune could be so cruel as to send this lady straight to him at a time when, without wishing to be noxious, he profoundly devoted her to Jericho. He was forgetful of his experience. Some men have a great board of experience, and only see it by the lurid light of new disasters. Now, Mr. Saxon should not doubt have spoken and warned the lady off. He did speak, but he was unintelligible. The guard wrenched at the door. Mr. Saxon had just time to hide his netter failings under a railway rug, which he had providentially with him, when the door opened, and the lady became his companion. The train whistled blithely, and off they went.

Now my friend Harry Saxon tells me he considers it a curious thing that the lady, after a little while, began to regard him with something like astonishment. But the fact does not surprise me, who know my friend. Nervousness is a part of his nature; and, affected by nervousness, we are apt, without knowing, to grimace strangely. To speak metaphorically and with enlightened obscurity, we think of ourselves to such an excess that grow oblivious of our actions.—I dare say you all understand.

"I dare say," said Harry, after several impatient efforts.

The lady replied "Sir, or 'Vas." He chronicles it exactly, but I forget.

"Ha—ha—are you going the whole way to T—Town?" asked Harry, gasping and holding on his rug with both hands.

"No sir," said the lady, haughtily, coldly, and shortly.

"What a blessing!" thought Harry, sinking back.

The lady opened a book.

At the next station, Harry looked at her imploringly. She would not go. Perhaps, thought Harry, she's going on to the last station but one! There he was sure the carriage would be filled.

He begged politely of her to tell him when she intended to quit the train.

"Really," said the lady: "may I inquire, sir, why you are so anxious to know?"

"Not at all," said Harry, speaking as enigmatically as he looked.

The lady resumed her reading.

An old gentleman with two young ladies now entered the carriage. Harry tightened and compressed the rug, and sat glaring at them.

"At all events," thought Harry, "they can't make me move."

This consolatory notion had hardly whispered its bare comfort to him, when a slight shock was felt. He saved himself from going into the old gentleman's arms. Happily, the ladies were too much alarmed to notice his excessive discomposure.

"What's the matter?" said the old gentleman. The train had come to a stand.

"O! what is it?" cried all the ladies.

"Stop a minute, my dears," said the old gentleman. "Don't be alarmed. Perhaps one of us had better get out and speak to the guard."

"O, papa, you shall not go!" exclaimed the young ladies; and the one who was alone exclaimed:

"Perhaps we shall be safer out than in."

The young ladies reiterated that their papa should not go. A common eye was directed to Harry, who sat, with a fiery face, trying to appear perfectly unconscious.

"Well, if I mayn't go," said the old gentleman, "perhaps this gentleman will."

Here was a direct appeal. Harry pretended not to hear.

"O! it must be something dreadful!" cried the ladies.

"Will you oblige us, sir?" said the solitary lady, "by getting out and speaking to the guard?"

She addressed poor Harry.

Mr. Saxon grimaced horribly. "I should be happy," he began.

Word was passed that there was a general order to evacuate the carriage.

Harry heard the old gentleman say, "We must not leave that poor fellow. We must hold him out."

Meantime he was at his carpet-bag again. One clear minute to him, if Harry would be a man. He dared not to risk his life for one clear minute to himself. Before a quarter of the time had expired, and while the garments dangled unfiled, the old gentleman opened the door, and informed Harry that he was prepared to help him out. There also stood the ladies, looking most charitably.

"Do please shut the door," cried Harry.

"Come, sir," said the old gentleman, "you must come out. Give me your arm."

"I can't, I tell you," says Harry.

"You must be mad, sir, you must be stark mad," said the old gentleman.

Pushed to extremity, Harry answered, "So I am."

"Then you must be dragged out, by force, main force, sir. Guard!" shouted the old gentleman.

The guard came up, but only to say it was a false alarm. The train had shaken off one of the carriages, and turned a few sheep into motion—all was right now, and everybody was to step in.

Of they went once more.

It is really cruel to dwell on Mr. Saxon's miseries, and the incidents which were perpetually aggravating them, and driving him to tension of distraction. At one place, a lady entered, who could not ride with her back to the engine. He was positively being the only gentleman facing it—asked to favor her by hanging round, and, gallant by nature, courteous, obliging, he had to stammer a downright refusal. But realize his position, and I think you will admit that, for a bashful man, Mr. Harry Saxon endured four hours of mortal misery that it would be hard to match. Excessive civilization, you see, has its troubles. It may seem rather unkind to leave him in the State I have left him. I will justify this artistic stroke, by assuring you that Mr. Saxon, I have no doubt whatever, at the moment I speak to you, perfectly prepared to make his bow in the most exquisite society.

We may add our impression that Harry, in his trouble, should have made a confidant of the first lady. Women, in such cases, when appealed to, are, as a body, considerate, and not wanting in gentle excuses. She would have looked out of the other window, and all would have been over in a trice.

FRENCH OR ENGLISH.

At a trial in a Vermont court, several years ago, a French lady had been subpoenaed as a witness, and was called upon to give her testimony.

She was a stranger in the place, and the "Court" felt itself bound to address her in her native tongue. But the "Court's" education in the parlance of law had been sadly neglected, and how to administer the oath in an intelligible form to the silent lady before him, was for some moments a puzzling question. What was to be done? The judge called upon several of the lawyers near him, but they avowed their ignorance of the language then so supposedly necessary. Finally the counsel for the defendant, a clever Yankee, feeling himself equal to the occasion, volunteered to extricate the Court from its embarrassment. He accordingly arose and addressed the lady witness in these terms:

"Vous jurez que vous n'avez rien vu?"

The lady looked for a moment at the manufacturer of this hybrid sentence in silent astonishment, then turning to "the Court," said in perfectly good English, though with a slightly foreign accent:

"What does the gentleman say?"

The effect was electrical. Such a laugh went up to the roof of that country court room, that the counsel for the defendant has not heard the last of it to this day.

"Silver Lake," a pretty little sheet of water in the heart of the town of Albany, Ga., has commenced to disappear through one of those curious subterranean passages which seem to penetrate the earth in the low country, and connect with the streams leading to the Gulf.

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Leave Bethel for Portland, at 10.30 A. M. Leave Bethel for Island Pond, at 4.30 P. M.

S. T. CORNER, Superintendent.

NOTICE.

All persons indebted to the subscriber or subscription to the BETHEL COURIER for the last year, are requested to make immediate payment. JAS. NUTTING, Bethel, Nov. 25, 1859.

Corn, Beans, Wheat Rye, and all other kinds of Country Produce wanted in payment for the Courier.

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JAMES NUTTING, Proprietor. N. T. TRUE, Editor.

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